

SUBJECT:

*Health insurance*

C.R.:

*Used*

AUTHOR: Cipriano Gonzalez Gonzalez, Hacienda El Cuidado, Tepetongo, Zacatecas

TITLE: 2-83

SOURCE: Interviewer, Louie Tagaban, El Centro, May 27, 1958

Mr. Bill Duarte, Manager  
San Joaquin Co. Farm Prdn. Ass'n.

Number

File: 73-101166.35-6-58

Sacramento, Calif.

May 13, 1958

Dear Mr. Duarte

Mr

Mr. Cipriano Gonzalez Gonzalez, contracted by your association under #L2572136 and assigned to Zuckerman Farms came to this office to inform us of an occupational accident that he suffered on Feb. 24, 1958 and for which he has remained disable as up to date. He claims not to have received, as yet, payment of temporary compensation.

Mr. Gonzalez advises me also that he is suffering of an illness in his eyes which, he believes is causing the loss of his sight.

With this reference it is kindly requested that you inform me why Mr. Gonzalez has not received his workmen's compensation and to advise me what is the doctors opinion insofar as Mr. Gonzalez's eye illness.

I avail myself of this opportunity to remind you of your obligation to notify this office in compliance with Article 20 of the International Agreement of any serious accidents or illnesses that may affect the Mexican Agricultural workers.

Truly yours

Javier Escobar  
Consul of Mexico

Gcp. Cipriano Gonzalez G. San Joaquin Co. Farm Prdn. Ass'n. Zuckerman Farms, McDonald Island, Stockton, Calif.

Informandosele que este es una copia de la carta que se dirige a la Asociación solicitando informes sobre su enfermedad en los ojos y sobre pago de su compensacion temporal.

I arrived in Labor camp on March 20th. It was raining and we worked soaked to the skin. After work we would go into the heated barracks. I noticed that this started to effect my eyes. Every morning my eyes would hurt like as if there were fire in them. I asked the foreman to please put me in another place where there was no heater, he refused. So I started sleeping on the floor in the shower room. My eyes got worse. The bright lights would hurt. The foreman finally took me to the doctor. He took me once to the M.D. He said there was nothing wrong with me. He gave me a shot and pills and I went back to work. One day during a rainy day while we were climbing on the truck to go back to camp. (The truck was a big loading truck with no special way to climb in. The men just got on which ever way they could). My shoes were muddy, my eyesight hurt, I slipped and fell and hit my stomach on the edge of the truck. Few days later I complained some much of the pain they took me to a doctor and he binded my stomach. I went back later and he only took it off and sent me back to work. (I did not miss a days work since I got hurt) I worked six weeks this way with a terrible pain in my stomach. When the pain got so bad that I could not work they would just take me back to the barracks. The next day I would go back to work. They finally took me to another M.D. He said I needed an operation. He said he could not operate on me right away because he was very busy and he sent me back to work and I worked for another week until I was taken back to M.D. and I was hospitalized and operated on. I was in the hospital 20 days. While I was in the hosp. I told the M.D. about my eyes and he advised me to see an oculist as soon as I got out of the hosp. When I got out, I told the forman what the M.D. had said and he took me back to the same old M.D. and he again told me I had nothing. My



Cipriano Gonzalez Gonzalez  
2-83

friends in camp advised me to see consul. My friends gave me bus fare to go to Sacramento to see Consul.

I told Consul everything and he said he would investigate the matter and write me. On my way back (hitch-hiking) a man stopped me (From one of the stores along the highway) and told me I had been reported as a wetback because I had left the camp to go see the Consul. He took my passport and called the Ass'n. They came for me and took me to the office where they bawled me out because I went to see the Consul and they told me I was going to be sent back to Mexico immediately.

I pleaded with them that I was sick, but they just bawled me out. I guess the Consul got in touch with them because they took me to an oculist, but he did not tell me a thing. He just talked with my boss in English. Then my boss told me there was nothing wrong with my eyes. Later I went to another oculist on my own, I paid him. He said I was very sick and that I might need an operation. He gave me a pair of glasses to wear (dark) which helps me a lot. He told me to come back. When I was going to visit him again the Ass'n. did not let me. I told them that I was paying out of my own pocket but they still said no. Then they sent me back to Reception Center. The consul sent me some letters and they refused to give them to me. I am still very sick now my legs hurt very much. What can I do.

I got two \$50 checks from the Insurance Co. (Consul made them pay or else I would have gotten nothing.

That old doctor that first seen my eyes was always worried about who was going to pay him. At first he wanted me to pay him.

The food was bad in that camp also. Many complaints from the men, but nobody ever listened to them.

Note in this camp if we wanted anything extra like butter, milk, jelly. We had to pay extra. In the time I was there I never got a free glass of milk with the meals. All I ever got free was the coffee.

NOTE: Showed me 8 inch scar on belly, red eyes, one eye is partly clouded.